

SONG HITS

Selected by
ARTHUR NEALE.

"T HE Dardanelles Blues," by the ex-Sultan of Turkey.

"In the Gloaming," By M. Landis.

"Death, Where Is Thy Sting," By Nick Lenin.

"I'm Getting Wetter and Wetter," By Emile Coue.

"In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," By Jane Gibson.

"Soul of My Soul," By G. Harvey.

"Dimples," By Audrey Munson.

"Have You Had Your Iron Today?" By Clara Phillips.

"My Little Red Shirt," By Isadore Duncan.

"I Love My Wife, But Oh! You You-You," By Prof. Tiernan.

FLIVVERETTES

IN crossing the street pedestrians seldom violate the speed law.

The purse of many an autoist looks like a flat tire.

The speeder may not know where he is going, but the traffic cop does.

Two things that annoy the motorist are—tax and tacks.

The man who calls his car "the old boiler" boils over if anyone else does it.

If folks get much more numerous the cities will have to set aside one-way streets for them.

The man may be at the wheel, but the woman drives the car.

A citizen with a troublesome flivver is in excellent training to become a professional contortionist.

Shifting gears is a terrible grind for the new driver.

Heck—Can anything make a man feel worse than to have his wife continually begging for money?

Peck—Sure! To have her demanding it.—Erie Daily Times.

Is there any way of learning how many cocktail shakers were given as Christmas presents this year?—Judge.

What the Republicans need in Congress is not so much a leader as the installation of a reliable bloc signal system.—Judge.

Prize fights and football games show some stubborn combats, but the world's biggest deadlock will come when some promoter puts on a finish bout between a fellow who has just seen a movie and yearns to tell the plot and a man who has just read a book and insists on describing it conscientiously.—Judge.

The Fascisti movement in Italy was prominently a matter of shirts. Henry Cabot Lodge might organize a Massachusetts Fascisti—if the Democrats left him shirt enough to begin on.—Judge.

When a man is young and poor he is interested in advertisements which tell him how to "turn his spare time into money." When he is rich but old, the advertisements are not so satisfying. No one volunteers to show him how to turn his money into spare time.—Judge.

Nick—Never ask a girl for the makings.

Dick—Why not?
Nick—Too careless. They carry their tobacco all mixed up with powder and rouge.—Iowa Green Gander.

Mistress—Now, I won't have that husky milkman in my kitchen.

Nora—All right, mum, I know a smaller one.—Notre Dame Juggler.

Fair One—You remember that you told me that you hunted tigers in West Africa. Well, I read that there are no tigers there.

Notzo Fair—Quite right, quite right. I killed them all.—Lehigh Burn.

Warden—Whom do you wish to see?

Welfare Worker—Lifer No. 439. Is he in?—Notre Dame Juggler.

"Big Man" in College—Say, Freshman, do you know who I am?

Freshman—No. Don't you?—Georgia Cracker.

She—Oh, dear! I've spilt water all over the table!

He—That makes it a sort of pool table, what?—Cornell Widow.

Patient—Doctor, what'll I take to cure my kleptomania?

Doctor (after deep thought)—Don't take anything, and you'll be cured.—Michigan Gargoyle.

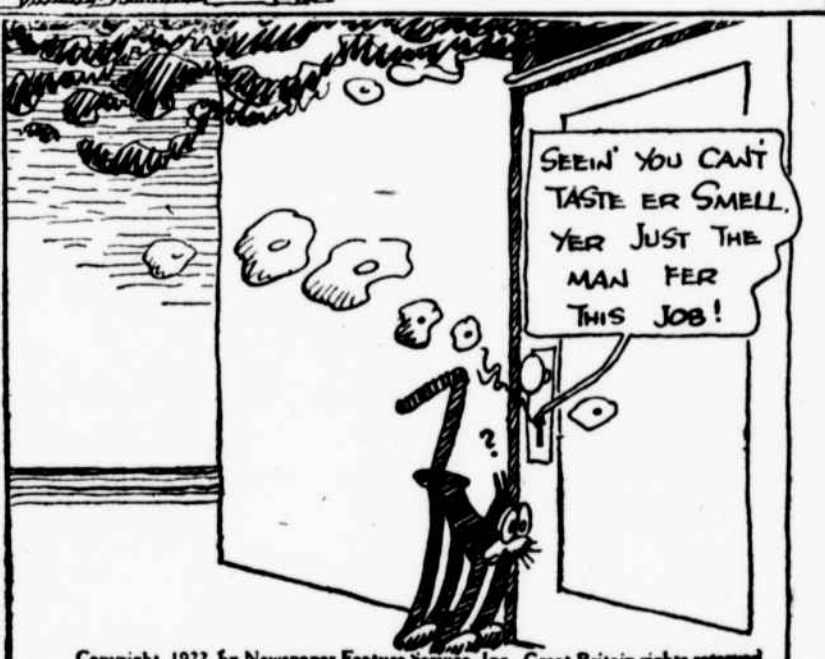
US BOYS



THE PIFFLE FAMILY



POLLY AND HER PALS



The Right Man for the Job



HELPFUL HENRY



JERRY ON THE JOB



Is That Nice?



OUTTA LUCK CLUB



Cousin Claude'll Have to Raise Those Two Bucks Some Other Way



THEY DO SAY!

THERE are two sorts of people—one lets the swing door slam in your face.

Europe is still harboring the delusion that secret diplomacy won't be found out.

The purveyor of contraband liquor has no kick coming when he gets into hot water.

The antics of the Old World indicate that it is near the strait-jacket stage.

A comparatively new Brooklyn baby has been named Volstead bottles.

The open door seems to be something of a storm door, diplomatically speaking.

Just Like That.

MR. GEORGE ROBIE, the English actor and raconteur, tells the story of a gilded youth of effeminate tendencies who by some fluke of luck found himself stony broke. Deciding that his best bet was America, he tried for a job on one of the boats crossing the Atlantic. After being turned down by ship after ship he almost despaired of ever getting out of England. Finally his luck changed. He struck a boat on the point of sailing and found that a stoker had failed to show up. Joyfully, he signed on, went aboard, and was directed below by the captain. Then he disappeared. Nothing was seen or heard of him for three days. But on the fourth day the skipper suddenly came upon a resplendent figure in full yachting kit, glasses slung over his shoulder, promenading. "What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded. "I thought I told you to go below." The regilded youth gazed at the irate officer, tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and pleasantly inquired, "Oh, haven't you heard? I've left."—The Argonaut (San Francisco).

Super Prohibiteer.

"I hope that the fact that the wets showed strength in your State does not affect your belief that prohibition needs enforcement." "It needs more than that in some unsegregated districts," replied Senator Sorghum. "It needs re-enforcement."—Nashville Evening Star.

For Hire.

"Could you place my son in your office?" "All right; what can he do?" "What can he do? If he could do anything I'd hire him myself."—Karmatzen (Christiania).

Mixing the Sentence.

A learned professor tells us there is a modern tendency among the aristocracy to drop their h's. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that the Kaiser has been led to the altar instead of to the halter!—Eve (London).

Reclassified.

A school teacher in a Western town, wishing to extend her rather scanty knowledge of the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, inquired at the delivery desk of the rural library for "The Gold Bug," adding, "I can't seem to find it in the catalogue, but I am sure you have it. A friend of mine had it out last week." The librarian glanced at the card catalogue drawer over which the teacher had been poring, and smiled a superior smile. "No wonder, Miss Smith," she explained with patient gentleness. "You're looking under 'Fiction.' Turn to 'Entomology' and you won't have any trouble."—The Argonaut (San Francisco).

A waiter exceedingly rude was Alonzo O. Henry Mottewed. When potatoes were ordered on the ruche he bordered. By asking, "With skins on or nude?"—Carnegie Puppet.

"Goosh, I didn't realize Jack was so tight before."

"No?" "The other day he told me that he had lost some money through investments, and come to find out he'd tried a gum slot machine that didn't work."—Brown Jug.

We have it from an eminent explorer that cannibals are very proud of their table manners. It is to be hoped that they always take politicians with a grain of salt.—Eve (London).

The only way to get along with a woman is to let her have her own way. There isn't any way to get along without her.—Judge.

Sweet Thing—Have you a book called "Logger Songs of the Western Lumber Camps?"
Clever Clerk—You mean a book of Logarithms, madam.—Yale Record.

Santy—I got stuck in your darn old chimney.

Well, this is a stucoo house!

Old-timer—What beat did the editor give you, son?

Fledgling—Coroners, physicians and undertakers.

"Oh, the dead beat."—Washington Sun Dodger.